

CHOICE SELECTIONS

FOR

Autograph Albums



TORONTO:
THE TORONTO NEWS COMPANY.

The EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA



Queen's University at Kingston

CHOICE SELECTIONS

FOR

AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS:

COMPRISING ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

FRIENDLY, AFFECTIONATE, HUMOROUS AND
DEDICATORY VERSES,

Suitable for Inscription in Autograph Albums

ON ALL OCCASIONS.

Our lives are albums, written through
With good or ill, with false or true.
And as the blessed angels turn the pages of our years,
God grant that they may read the good with smiles,
And blot the ill with tears.

TORONTO:

THE TORONTO NEWS COMPANY.

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INTRODUCTORY.

IN presenting this little volume to our friends, the public, we endeavor to meet a want long felt. There are very few persons, no matter what their age or station in life may be, who are not frequently called upon, or desire from their own inclination, to inscribe a few friendly or endearing lines in the album of a friend.

The question then almost invariably arises, what shall I write ?

An appropriate quotation is seldom at hand, and we now propose to remedy this deficiency to the best of our ability.

Especially during the past few years has the fashion of writing in autograph albums gained great favor, and it is such a promoter of friendship and good feeling, that it will, undoubtedly, continue to grow in popularity in years to come.

Poets of all nations and ages have been brought into requisition ; much time and care bestowed upon the work ; it is compiled with an earnest desire to please ; and we trust will be received as it is intended—an humble offering.

Very respectfully,

THE PUBLISHERS.

Lines

SUITABLE FOR INSCRIPTION ON TITLE PAGES OF
ALBUMS.

LIFE is a volume,
From youth to old age,
Each year forms a chapter,
Each day is a page.
May none be more charming,
More womanly (manly) true,
Than that, pure and noble,
Sketched yearly by you.

Go, little book, thy destined course pursue,
Collect memorials of the just and true ;
And beg of every friend so near
Some token of remembrance dear.

WHEN years elapse,
It may, perhaps,
Delight us to review these scraps,
And live again 'mid scenes so gay,
That Time's rough hand has swept away ;
For when the eye, bedimmed with age,
Shall rest upon each treasured page,
Those pleasant hours,
That once were ours
Shall come again, like Autumn flowers,
To bloom and smile upon us here
When all things else seem sad and drear ;
'Twill tune our hearts and make them sing,
And turn our Autumn into Spring!

We may write our names in Albums,
We may trace them in the sand,
We may chisel them in marble
With a firm and skilful hand.
But the pages soon are sullied,
Soon each name will fade away,
Every monument will crumble,
Like all earthly hopes decay.
But, dear, there is an Album,
Full of leaves of snowy white,
Where no name is ever tarnished,
But forever pure and bright.
In the Book of Life—"God's Album"
May your name be penned with care,
And may all who here have written,
Write their names forever there.

As Life flows on from day to day,
And this, your book, soon fills,
How many may be far away
From treasured vales and hills?

But there is joy in future time
To turn the pages o'er,
And see within a name or rhyme,
From one you'll see no more.

DEAR, near and true—no truer Time himself
Can prove you, though he make you evermore
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life
Shoots to the fall—take this, and pray that he
Who wrote it, honoring your sweet faith in him,
May trust himself; and spite of praise and scorn,
As one who feels the immeasurable world,
Attain the wise indifference of the wise:
And after Autumn past—if left to pass
His Autumn into seeming leafless days—
Draw towards the long frost and longest night,
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our Winter woodland looks a flower.

TO MY FRIENDS:

My Album is a garden spot
 Where all my friends may sow,
 Where thorns and thistles flourish not,
 But flowers alone may grow.
 With smiles for sunshine, tears for showers,
 I'll water, watch, and guard these flowers.

Go, Album, range the gay parterre ;
 From gem to gem, from flower to flower,
 Select with taste, and cull with care,
 And bring your offering, fresh and rare,
 To this sweet maiden's bower !

My Album's open ! Come and see !
 What ? wont you waste a line on me ?
 Write but a thought—a word or two,
 That Memory may revert to you.

This Album is a reef to thee,
 Sacred to love and memory ;
 Let every line or flower be,
 A pure, bright gem of constancy.

Let every page a moral be—
 An emblem of humility.

May all that in this book appears
 Adorn your bright and happy years,
 Reveal fresh beauties, and embrace
 Your life with loveliness and grace,

I wish that no flattery may ever desecrate this Album: that no falsehood may darken its whiteness; but that the spirit of truth, light and love may brighten and fructify its fair pages.

I wish that she whose name it bears may never know the treachery of friendship, the blight of unreciprocal affection; but with that measure of love she metes, it shall be measured to her again. I wish that these leaves, as spotless as her own true heart, may receive only the impress of kindness and benevolence, and that buds of promise may cluster here that shall burst in blossoms of beauty. I wish that in after years, when the fingers that traced these lines shall be motionless, and memory and sadness, hand in hand, shall look back to the things that were, these offerings may be a medium by which her faith may climb to the eternal sphere where re-union shall be and endure forever.

MAY this fair Album be
A casket of the fairest gems—
Sweet blossoms from Affection's tree,
Pearls set in Friendship's diadem.

OH! KEEP these pages pure and white,
Unless the glow of truth be there;
Let no rude hand presume to write
Or stain with flattery leaves so fair;
These lines so highly prized by thee,
Because 'tis friendship gems them o'er,
In future years more dear will be
When those who penned them are no more.

Floral.

IN vain I searched the garden through,
 In vain the meadows gay,
 For some sweet flower that might to you
 A kindly thought convey.
 One spoke too much of hope and bloom
 For those who know of man the doom :
 Another, alas ! seemed all too frail
 For stronger breath than summer's gale.
 I turned me thence to where, beneath
 The hedgerow's verdant shade,
 The lowliest gems of Flora's wreath
 Their modest charms displayed.
 Lured by its name, one simple flower
 From its sweet sisterhood I bore,
 And bade it hasten to impart
 The breathing of a faithful heart,
 And plead, whate'er your future lot,
 In weal or woe, "Forget-me-not."

THE tears from angels falling
 Turn to diamonds on each flower.

OH ! what a blessed thing flowers are !
 They have been well styled, "God's
 Undertows of encouragement to the children of earth."

A LILY FLOWER—

The old Egyptian's emblematic mark
Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

My Album is a barren tree,
Where leaves and only leaves you see ;
But touch it—flowers and fruits will spring,
And birds among the foliage sing.

In all places and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand,
Emblems of our own great resurrection—
Emblems of the bright and better land.

As on in youth's bright path you go,
Where many a flower's revealed,
Remember those that fairest grow
Have sharpest thorns concealed.

Be this charge written in your breast,
And let not time annul it—
Whatever flower thou likest best,
Examine ere you cull it.

YOUR voiceless lips, O, flowers! are living preachers:
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to our fancies numerous teachers
From lowliest nook.

BLESSED be God for flowers!
 For the bright, gentle, holy thoughts that breathe
 From out their odorous beauty like a wreath
 Of sunshine on life's hours!

Prize them, that through all hours
 Thou hold'st sweet commune with their beauty there,
 And, rich in this, through many a future year
 Bless thou our God for flowers!

THE flowers will tell to thee a sacred mystic story
 How moistened earthly dust can wear celestial glory,
 On thousand mystic stems is found the lone inscription
 graven,
 How beautiful is earth when it can image heaven!

THERE is a little flower
 That twines around the shepherd's cot,
 And in the silent midnight hour
 It sweetly chimes, "Forget-me-not."

MAY the flowers of friendship
 Embellish thy cot,
 And flourish long after
 This friend is forgot.

FROM a far and lonely grot
 I bring one flower "Forget-me-not."

Miscellaneous.

THE world stretches widely before you,
A field for your muscle and brain,
And though clouds may often float o'er you,
And often come tempest and rain,
Be fearless of storms which o'ertake you,
Push forward through all like a man,
Good fortune will never forsake you,
If you do as near right as you can.

REMEMBER me !
The humble lines which here I trace,
Years may not change nor age efface ;
They may be read, though valued not,
When he (she) who penned them is forgot.

WHEN Spring bedecks the earth with flowers,
May it bring fresh joys to thee :
When the Summer birds are singing,
May thy sky all cloudless be.
When sere Autumn's leaves are falling,
May no shadow cross thy path ;
When fierce Winter vents his fury,
Be thou free from all his wrath.
Through a life of endless gladness,
Keep one little thought for me ;
May our friendship ne'er be blasted
Then will I contented be.

WHENE'ER thine eyes shall fondly trace
 These simple lines I've sketched for thee
 Whate'er the time, whate'er the place,
 Then wilt thou think of me?

OF all the gifts that Heaven bestows,
 There's one above all measure,
 And that's a friend ; 'midst all our woes
 A friend is found a treasure.
 To thee I give that sacred name
 For such thou art to me,
 And ever proudly will I claim
 To be a friend to thee.

MAY thy voyage through life
 Be as happy and free
 As the dancing waves
 On the deep blue sea.

EVERY joy that Heaven can send,
 Wealth, and every kind of treasure,
 Health and love, to thee my friend,
 And happiness, without measure.
 May your days in joy be passed,
 With friends to bless and cheer,
 And each year exceed the last,
 In all that earth holds dear,

REMEMBER me, 'tis all I ask,
 But if remembrance proves a task,
 Forget me.

AND wilt thou think of him who traced
 This tributary lay ?
Or will his image be effaced
As footprints in the sun are chased
 By the next solar ray ?
Can Memory's light become so dim
That thou wilt not remember him ?

As o'er the cold, sepulchral stone,
 Some name arrests the passer-by,
So when thou view'st this page alone,
 Let mine attract thy pensive eye ;
And when by thee that name is read,
 Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
 And think my heart is buried here.

A GENTLE word is never lost
 Oh ! never, then, refuse one ;
It cheers the heart when tempest-tossed,
 And lulls the cares that bruise one ;
It scatters sunshine o'er our way,
 And turns our thorns to roses ;
It changes weary night to day,
 And hope and love discloses.
A gentle word is never lost,
 Thy fallen brother needs it ;
How easy said, how small the cost,
 How peace and comfort speeds it.
Then drive the shadow from thy cheek,
 A smile can well replace it ;
Your voice is music when you speak,
 With gentle words to grace it.

REMEMBER me, and bear in mind
A constant friend is hard to find,
And if you find one that is true,
Oh ! do not change her (him) for a new.

THERE is a pretty little flower,
 Of sky-blue tint and white,
 That glitters in the sunshine,
 And goes to sleep at night.
 'Tis a token of remembrance,
 And a pretty name it's got.
 Would you know it if I told you?
 'Tis the sweet "Forget me not."

HAD I the power to carve or print
 Thy future, my dear friend,
 It would be fair and ever bright,
 Unclouded to the end.

IT may occur in after life
 That you, I trust, a happy wife,
 Will former happy hours retrace,
 Recall each well-remembered face.
 At such a moment I but ask,
 I hope 'twill be a pleasant task,
 That you'll remember as a friend
 One who'll prove true e'en to the end.

ISAW two clouds at morning,
 Tinged by the morning sun,
 And in the dawn they floated on
 And mingled into one;
 I thought that morning cloud was blest,
 It moved so sweetly to the west.
 Such be your gentle motion,
 Till life's last pulse shall beat,
 And you float on in joy to meet
 A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,
 A purer sky where all is peace.

WHEN worth and beauty prompt the line,
Perhaps a pen as poor as mine
 May be forgiven.
To try to write of things divine,
 And think of Heaven !
But pause, rash verse ! and don't abuse
A bashful maiden's ear with news
 Of her own beauty !
And yet no other theme I'll choose,
 Or think a duty !
So, then, for fear I might offend,
I'll say—*God bless her*—and thus end.

THE lords of creation men we call,
And they think they rule the whole ;
But they're much mistaken after all,
For they're under woman's control.

At evening's close, when darkened shades
Are gathering thick and fast,
And brooding thoughts come slowly on
The mem'ry of the past ;
Then, when the light of other days,
Steals gently over thee,
Bring back the happy hours of yore,
Oh, then, think thou of me !

WHEN plains and hills divide us,
And you I cannot see,
Remember ——— has a heart.
That will be true to thee.

WHEN the golden sun is setting,
And your heart from care is free,
When o'er a thousand things you're thinking,
Will you sometimes think of me ?

THESE few lines to you are tendered,
By a friend, sincere and true ;
Hoping but to be remembered
When I'm far away from you.

OF all the dear familiar names
This autographic book contains,
May each prove faithful and sincere
As he (she) whose name is written here.

MAY heaven protect and keep thee
From every sorrow free,
And grant thee every blessing—
My earnest wish for thee.

SOME friends may wish thee happiness,
Some others wish thee wealth ;
My wish for thee is better far—
Contentment, blest with health.

MAY the friendships formed in childhood
Blossom in our riper years,
And as time flows on, be strengthened,
Whether smiles be ours or tears.

THINK of me when you are happy,
Keep for me one little spot ;
In the depth of thine affection
Plant a sweet " Forget-me-not."

As a slight token of esteem
Accept these lines from me ;
So plain and simple they do seem
Unworthy such as thee.
But soon these traced lines will fade
And disappear—'tis their doom ;
May you, unlike them, be arrayed
In a perpetual bloom.

MAY the choicest gifts of heaven
Be showered upon thy life.

MAY all that in this book appears,
Adorn your bright and happy years,
Reveal fresh beauties, and embrace
Your life with loveliness and grace.

DAME nature, impartial in all her ends,
When she made man the strongest,
In justice then, to make amends,
Made woman's tongue the longest.

LET not our friendship,
Like the roses, wither,
But like the evergreen,
Last forever.

FAIR and flowery be thy way,
The skies all bright above thee,
And happier every coming day
To thee and those that love thee.

THIS world is like a garden,
Your heart the fairest spot;
Now, in this fairy bower,
Let me plant "Forget-me-not."

THERE are two hearts whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet,
That, pulse to pulse, responsive still
They both must heave or cease to beat.

MAY your bark be piloted safely through
The ocean of life to a peaceful haven.

HERE's to your good health, your family's
Good health, and may you live long and prosper,
Is the sincere wish of ———.

A LITTLE health, a little wealth,
A little house and freedom,
A few good friends for certain ends,
And little use to need them.

WITH thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons and their change; all please alike.

BLESSINGS rest upon thee lightly,
As the dew of even lies ;
May no sorrow ever darken
The bright heaven of thine eyes.

PERHAPS at some time we must part,
And oh ! 'tis with an earnest heart
That I ask thee while in glee
Or in sorrow to " Remember me."

FOR weeks may pass and years may end,
Yet you will find in me a friend.

I'VE turned these pages o'er and o'er
To see what others have written before,
And in this quiet little spot
I plant the sweet " Forget-me-not."

WHETHER the tempests lull or blow,
Whether the currents ebb or flow,
Whether the harvest blight or grow,
Whether the years are swift or slow,
In days of joy or days of woe,
In fortunes high or fortunes low,
This be my creed for friend or foe,
Gather the roses as you go.

IF I should before you slumber,
Oh ! let these few words tell
That I was one of the number
Who always loved you well.

MAY your bark of life glide gently now,
 It has been tossed upon the main;
 But though the clouds and storms may come,
 The golden sun will shine again.

FORGET me not, 'tis all I ask,
 This simple boon of thee,
 And let it be an easy task,
 Sometimes to think of me.

MAY happiness ever be thy lot,
 Wherever thou shalt be,
 And joy and pleasure light the spot
 That may be home to thee.

O, WOMAN, lovely woman ! Nature made thee
 To temper man ; we had been brutes without thee.

THERE are two souls whose equal flow
 In gentle streams so calmly run,
 That when they part—they part ! ah, no !
 They cannot part, their souls are one.

OH ! —, may thy future life
 Be one unclouded scene of joy,
 Ever with buoyant pleasure rife,
 Sad phases to destroy.

HERE is one leaf reserved for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free,
And here my simple words might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well ;
But could I within thy mind
One little vacant corner find
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been ;
Oh ! it should be my sweetest care
To write my name forever there.

OH, woman ! Subtle, lovely, faithless sex !
Born to enchant, thou studiest to perplex ;
Ador'd as queen, thou play'st the tyrant's part,
And, taught to govern, would'st enslave the heart.

SEEK to be good, but aim not to be great ;
A woman's noblest station is retreat ;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth that shuns too strong a light.

MAY your joy be as deep as the ocean,
Your sorrow as light as its foam.

THINK of me in the hour of leisure,
Think of me in the hour of care,
Think of me in the hour of pleasure,
Spare me one thought in the hour of prayer.

WITHIN the oyster-shell, unsought,
The purest crystals hide ;
Trust me, you'll find a heart sincere,
Within the rough outside.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of Death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon ; but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WHEN in the course of human life,
Five things observe with care ;
To whom you speak, of whom you speak,
How, when, and where.

MANY kind wishes will be written here,
And none more sincere than mine.
But —————
Words are lighter than the cloud foam
Of the restless ocean's spray ;
Vainer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steals away.
By the fall of summer rain-drops
Is the air as deeply stirred,
And the rose-leaf that we tread on
Will outlive a word.

REMEMBER me, when dawning day
Blushing receives the ardent sun ;
Or when at mournful eve you stray,
Veil'd by its shade, like cloister'd nun ;
When throbs your heart at pleasure's call,
When lonely you at twilight stray,
In silent bower, in lighted hall,
Hear what each murmuring breeze shall say
"Remember me."

Von Bulow's contribution to a Friend's Album.

“IN *art*, *hate* respectability
And *respect ability*.”

REMEMBER the will to do rightly
If used will the evil confound ;
Live daily by conscience, that nightly
Your sleep may be peaceful and sound.
In contest of right never waver,
Let thy honesty shape every plan,
And life will of paradise savor
If you do as near right as you can.

THAT love is sordid which doth need
Gold's filthy dust its fire to feed ;
That acts a higher, nobler part
Which comes unfetter'd from the heart.

IN memory's casket
Drop one pearl for me.

MAY we ever see thy pathway
Brilliant as we see it now,
Wearing virtue's brightest laurels
On thy fair and gentle brow.

HAVE ease, have health,
And spirits light as air ;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth—
A merry heart that laughs at care.

READ it, sweet maid, tho' it be done but slightly :
Who can show all his love doth love but lightly.

THOUGH thou art busied with small things,
Though menial thy labor may be,
Do thy utmost in that and in all things
Thou still shall be noble and true.

BE to every man just, and to woman
Be gentle and tender and true ;
For thine own do thy best, but for no man
Do less than a brother should do.

So living, thy days fall to number,
In peace thou shalt pass to the grave ;
Thou shalt lie down and rest thee and slumber,
Beloved by the good and the brave.

WHERE blooms the flower which doth not fade ?
Where is the star that doth not shine ?
Tell me, oh Muse, in what fair glade
To seek the star and flower divine ?

“ I cannot teach thee where to find
Those treasures, *if thou can'st not tell* ;
The star and flower are in the mind,
Thrice happy they who guard them well ! ”

Dost thou love ; let it be with full measure,
Nor mingle with coldness and hate
Of others, the joy of thy pleasure,
The passion that crowns thy estate,

Ah ! may your life, dear ———, be
A dream from care and sorrow free ;
May every joy that love can yield
Be to your gentle heart revealed ;
May faith, and hope, and wisdom lead,
While o'er life's trackless tide you speed,
Until the voyage of life is done,
And you eternal bliss have won.

MAY God's mercy preserve thee,
His power protect,
His goodness uphold thee,
His wisdom direct.

MAY thy life be a happy one,
May sorrow and care
Never sadden thy heart,
Nor find a place there.

THINK of me always, think of me ever,
Think of the good times we once had together.

'Tis but a trifle that you ask,
But this you will admit,
That trifles, more than greater tasks,
Will sometimes strain our wit.
I wish thee health, and wealth, and joy,
As others have before ;
And were I in poetic mood,
I'd surely wish thee more.

IN the evening of life cherish the remembrance of one
who loved thee in its morning.

MAY thy steps be light,
 Thy cares be few,
 May thy prospects be bright,
 Thy friends be true.

As oft you turn these pages o'er,
 And o'er beloved names you sigh,
 Though others may delight you more,
 Let mine not pass unnoticed by.

MAY heaven to thee its choicest blessings send,
 And from the ills of life thy form defend,
 All good I wish thee, do not then reject
 This humble tribute of my warm respect.

THOSE joyous hopes of early years
 Were all too bright to last,
 We treasure up their memories,
 They are voices of the past.

MAY virtue be thy guiding star
 Along life's changing way,
 Respect for heaven, home and friends,
 Your care both night and day.

God's first gift Life, His best gift Christ, His last gift
 Heaven. So use the *first*, that through the *best*, you may
 secure the *last*.

WE met as strangers, not as strangers do we part,
 Long will thy memory lay enshrined within my heart.

MAY your cheeks retain their dimples.
May your heart be just as gay,
Until some manly voice shall whisper,
"Dearest will you name the day."

For something original
I've been puzzling my brain ;
At last I've concluded
To just sign my name.

SOME would wish you pleasure,
Some would wish you mirth ;
But I would wish you treasure,
And a home beyond the earth.'

ROUND went the book
Till here it came,
So here's an attempt
To scratch my name.

ONCE out of sight we're out of mind,
A saying old, perhaps 'tis true ;
To prove it false, I'll show you how,
Just think of *me*, I'll think of *you*.

EVERY joy thy life attend,
Mingled with no sorrow,
May your hopes be bright to-day,
And brighter still to-morrow.

THE names of those you prize and love.
 When steadfast friendship makes them dear,
 Companions of your happier hours,
 Let such alone be gathered here ;
 And when you turn these treasured leaves
 And see what loved ones here have traced,
 Let *her* who penned these carless lines
 From memory be not quite *effaced*.

How sweet is the hour we give
 When fancy may wander free
 To the friends who in memory live,
 For then I'll remember thee !
 Then winged like the dove from the ark,
 My thoughts o'er a stormy sea
 Bring back to my lonely bark
 A leaf that reminds me of thee !

IN this book friendly hands have written, and Affection's offerings are recorded.

Others have spoken their kindly greetings, now I would humbly add therein mine.

As your life in the past has been a happy one, may your future pathway be as bright and happy, and filled with the sunlight of God's holy love.

MAY your friend's be many,
 May your foes be few,
 With woes not many
 Life's journey through.;

If every kind wish was a rose,
 And the rose had not a thorn,
 Your path through life with loveliest flowers,
 Fair friend I would adorn.

MAY many names be added here,
To show fidelity to thee,
To add grace to a book so dear,
Chaste emblem of sincerity.

You think of me, don't you ?
You'll remember me, won't you,
Long after the present
Fades into the past ?

Do not not look for wrong or evil,
You will find them if you do ;
As you measure to your neighbour
He will measure back to you.
Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you will bring a smiling visage
To the glass—you meet a smile.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave in colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

PERHAPS in some more future year
Thine eye may rest a moment here,
And you, absorbed in tender thought,
Will then, I trust, forget me not.

Most gladly on this page of thine
The impress of my hand I lay,
For while it lives I shall not pass
From thy memory quite away.

MAY thy years be many and thy sorrows few ; may thy life be like a long and cloudless Summer day ; and when at last the summons comes from which there is no escaping—when thou art wanted and must go—mayest thou fall into the grave as softly as the leaves of the sweet roses on an Autumn eve beneath the small sighs of the western wind drop to the earth.

OH ! albums, albums, how I dread
Your everlasting scrap and scrawl—
How often wish that from the dead
Old Omar would pop forth his head,
And make a bonfire of you all.

So might I shun the shame and pain
That o'er me at this instant comes,
When Beauty, seeking Wit in vain,
Knocks at the portal of my brain,
And gets for answer, " Not at home."

MAY you ever be happy,
Live at your ease,
Have a good husband
And do as you please.

If I should write, perhaps you'll laugh,
So I'll merely sign my autograph.

I wish thee health,
I wish thee wealth,
I wish thee gold in store ;
I wish thee Heaven after death—
What can I wish thee more ?

Do not this effort criticise,
Nor view it with contempt,
I was compelled by beauteous eyes
To make the rash attempt.

THIS album is for social fame,
As every good friend knows ;
And here each should inscribe his name,
For so the fashion goes.
A sober look your must maintain,
And ne'er indulge a laugh,
When on this page you see inscribed
This humble autograph.

——— SINCE brevity's the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes
I will be brief.

—*Shakespeare.*

Affectionate.

I HAD a heart, a heart 'twas true,
It has gone from me and flown to you;
Care it well, as I have done,
You have two and I have none.

MYSTERIOUS maid ! uncertain treasure,
Thou bring'st more of pain or pleasure ;
Endless torments dwell about thee,
Yet who would live, and live without thee ?

LIVE for those that love you,
For those whose hearts are true,
For the Heaven that smiles above you
And the good that you may do.

TIME cannot change nor alter me,
Whate'er may be my lot,
My love for you will never change,
Then O ! forget me not.

BRIGHT be the years before thee,
Friend of my childhood days ;
Peace weave her olive o'er thee,
And joy attend thy ways.

Down life's swift and troubled tide
Safely may our vessel glide ;
And may we anchor side by side
In Heaven.

(Suitable for Inscription on a Birth-day,)

If words could all my wishes say,
Oh ! how my tongue would talk away.
I wish this day and many more
Might on dear ——— blessings pour ;
May health, wealth, love and peace
With each succeeding year increase ;
And oh ! the last, come when it may,
Be unto thee a happy day.

AROUND me shall hover,
In sadness or glee,
Till life's dreams be over,
Sweet memories of thee.

MANY years may come and go,
Many faces greet the sight,
But among them none can show
One like you to me as bright.

THOUGH the lapse of years can change
Cherished friendship to deceit,
After all, within its range,
I'm your friend whene'er we meet.

THE verb "I love " I learned at school,
"Thou lovest " follows next in rule ;
"We love," let us say together,
Proving thus we love each other.

LOVE drew your image on my heart of hearts,
And memory preserves it beautiful.

SWEET ——— ! could another ever share
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine ;
But check'd by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine.

THE bee through many a garden roves,
And hums the lay of courtship o'er,
But when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there and hums no more.

WERE you, my love, a blossom,
When summer skies depart,
I'd plant you in my bosom,
And wear you near my heart.

LIKE the lone bird that flutters her pinion,
And warbles in bondage her strain,
I've struggled to fly thy dominion,
But find that the struggle's in vain.

How long must I conceal
What yet my heart could wish were known ?
How long the truest passion feel,
And yet that passion fear to own !

BE thine the more refined delights
Of love, that banishes control,
Where the fond heart with heart unites
And soul's in unison with soul.

Your heart is a music-box, "Dearest,"
With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody sweetest and clearest,
If tried by a delicate hand.
But its workmanship "Love" is so fine,
At a single rude touch it would break.
Then, oh ! be the magic key mine,
Its fairy like whispers to wake.
There's one little tune it can play,]
That I fancy all others above,
You learned it of "Cupid" one day,
It begins with and ends with "I love."

WHILE I sit with thee I seem in heaven,
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labors, at the hour
Of sweet repast ; they satiate and soon fill,
Though pleasant, but thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

BE it good that we do, let us do it,
Giving soul and our strength to the deed ;
Let us pierce the hard rock and pass through it,
And compass the things that we need.

Does Fate as a dark cloud hang over,
And cover our heads from the light ?
Does Hate mock the heart of the lover ?
Must Wrong be the victor of Right ?

Yet in Fate there is freedom for each one
To make or to mar as they will ;
And the bolts of ill-fortune that reach one,
May maim, but they never shall kill.

Ever onward and upward pursuing
The aim that is thine for the day,
Adding strength to thy strength by thy doing,
Thou shalt gain it, nor faint by the way.

I WAS, indeed, delirious in my heart
To lift my love so lofty as thou art;
That thou wert beautiful and I not blind
Hath been my sin.

Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
Not Autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer !

HAD we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

AH ! within thy bosom beating,
Varying passions wildly reign ;
Love, with proud resentment meeting,
Throbs, by turns, with joy and pain.

THY memory, as a spell
Of love, comes o'er the mind ;
As dew upon the purple bell,
As perfume on the wind,
As music on the sea,
As sunshine on the river,
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be forever.

THE mountain rill
Seeks with no surer flow the far, bright sea,
'Than my unchanged affections flow to thee.

WHEN Nature stamped thy beauteous birth.
So much perfection in thee shone,
She feared that, too divine for earth,
The skies might claim thee for their own.

SWEET GIRL! though only once we met,
That meeting I shall ne'er forget;
And though we ne'er may meet again,
Remembrance will thy form retain.

IN bower and garden, rich and rare,
There's many a cherished flower,
Whose beauty fades, whose fragrance flits
Within the flitting hour.
Not so the simple forest leaf—
Unprized, unnoticed, lying—
The same through all its little life—
It changes but in dying.
Be such, and only such, my friends—
Once mine, and mine for ever;
And here's a hand to clasp in theirs
That shall desert them never.
And thou be such, my gentle love,
Time, chance, the world defying;
And take, 'tis all I have, a heart
That changes but in dying.

THOUGH the fates may sever
Ties of friends and kindred dear,
Faithful to thee will I ever
Prove, though you are far from here.
Childhood's days, not yet forgotten,
Visionary, hover nigh;
How happy we ——— then,
Never thinking of good-bye

AH! if a fairy's magic might were mine,
 I'd joy to change with each new wish of thine;
 Nothing to all the world beside I'd be,
 And everything thou lov'st in turn to thee.

DISTANCE may part us from each other,
 Months and years may pass away,
 Yet we'll meet some time together,
 Cheer up, ———, and be gay.
 Like the water in our rivers,
 Ever flowing quickly on,
 Do I banish all that severs,
 Or impedes the course we run.

O, FRIEND beloved! I sit apart and dumb,
 Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine;
 My lip will falter, but my prison heart
 Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with thine.
—Julia Ward Howe.

THOUGH fortune frown, and Fate's stern decree
 May banish me far from thy lot,
 Wherever I roam, where'er I may be,
 Thou wilt not, thou can'st not e'er be forgot.

IN happy moments, when thy heart
 From grief and care is free,
 When all seems beautiful and bright,
 Then pause, and think of me.
 For as the fragrance of the rose
 Floats on the breath of morn,
 So will each joy thy spirit feels,
 To mine, be sweetly borne.

Lock up thy heart,
Keep safe the key,
Forget me not
Till I do thee!

A PLACE in thy memory dearest,
Is all that I can claim,
To pause and look backward when
Thou hearest the sound of my name.

WHENE'ER thine eye shall fondly trace
These simple lines I've sketched for thee,
Whate'er the time, whate'er the place,
Then wilt thou think of me!

COUNT not the hours while their silent wings
Thus waft them in fairy flight;
For feeling, warm from her dearest springs,
Shall hallow the scene to-night.
And while the joy of music is here,
And the colors of life are gay,
Let us think of those that have loved us dear—
The friends who are far away.

—*Horace Twiss.*

WHEN howling winds and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or, 'midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

—*Collins.*

CONSTANT my heart shall ever prove to thee,
As sure as thou this token receive from me.

So long regardless of thy quiet rule,
 Shall fancy, friendship, science, smiling peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy favorite name!

MAY angels attend thee, and their wings
 Fan every shadow from thy brow,
 For only bright and loving things
 Should wait on one so good as thou.

AROUND me shall hover,
 In sadness or glee,
 Till life's dream be over,
 Sweet memories of thee.

LOVE is something so divine,
 Description would but make it less;
 'Tis what we know, yet can't define,
 'Tis what we feel, yet can't express.

HEARTS may be pinioned side by side,
 Yet still remain alone,
 And hearts, though continents divide,
 May live and love as one.

THE heart that marks its throbs precisely
 But little love can feel;
 He loves not well who can love wisely
 Nor wisely who loves well.

Down the coming future
May the sunlight sweep ;
All along thy pathway
May no shadows sleep ;
Like the wind's wild blowing,
Fetterless and free,
May thy spirit's yearning
Through life's journey be.
Hoping is but idle,
Wishing is but vain,
Yet 'tis all I bring thee
With my simple strain.
And when wealth and honors
Round thee proudly glow,
Think that one who loved thee
Wished it might be so.

OH ! soft as dew upon the flowers,
May dreamland waft to thee
Some tender tale of future hours,
Some treasured thought of me.

ALTHOUGH two rivers do us part,
Our hearts they cannot sever,
I'll love thee where'er thou art,
And think of thee forever.

SERENE will be our days, and bright
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed.

—Wordsworth.

FARE thee well, may peace attend thee,
And hope her cherishing influence blend ;
May heaven from every ill defend thee,
And bless the home that holds my friend.
Each friendly, tender recollection
Within my heart shall fondly live,
This little proof of fond affection
Is not the last I hope to give.

On this spotless page my pen essays to trace a record of affection, and as I write, a wish is in my heart that, for thee, every life-leaf may be written with the golden pen of love.

Friendship.

MAY Heaven protect and keep thee
From every sorrow free,
And grant thee every blessing—
Is my earnest wish for thee.

IN memory's casket drop one pearl
For your schoolmate and friend.

FRIENDSHIP, above all ties, doth bind the heart,
And faith in friendship is the noblest part.

IN future years, when turning to survey
The sacred joys of many a happy day.
Should chance to this direct your eye,
Recalling pleasures long gone by,
Pause at this leaf, and kindly lend
A passing thought upon thy friend.

FRIENDS at heart will never part,
Friends of a day soon pass away,
Let us, dear ———, be *friends at heart*.

MAY the choicest gifts of Heaven
Be showered upon thy life.

LET not our friendship,
Like the roses, wither,
But, like the evergreen,
Last forever.

MAY your life be one bright dream
Is the wish of your friend ———.

REMEMBER well, and bear in mind,
A constant friend is hard to find ;
But when you get one, kind and true,
Forsake not the old one for the new.

Indeed, my friend, it is a shame
To ask me to inscribe my name ;
But, since you ask it, I will say
I wish you many a happy day—
A life of bliss, a home of love,
To meet you in the realms above.

IN the golden chain of friendship regard me as a link.

TRUST not a friend untried, 'tis trial makes the gold more fine.

MAY the links unbroken forever remain
That unite us together in friendship's chain.

Among the many friends that claim
A kind remembrance in thy breast,
I, too, would add my simple name
Among the rest.

In other days to come,
When o'er this page you bend,
May memory bring you pleasant thoughts
Of hours spent with a friend.

In your wreath of remembrance
Twine one bud for your friend.

FRIENDSHIP is a heavenly voice,
Friendship bids the heart rejoice.
Give to friendship friendship's due,
Remember me and I will you.

DEAR ———, accept this tribute of respect
A friend to you doth give,
And 'till he's (she's) called to death's cold sleep
This wish for you shall live—
That life may be a happy way,
And sorrow be unknown,
That friendship's warm and heavenly ray
May ever be your own.

THERE is a word in language told,
In Friendship ever dear—
In English 'tis "Forget me not,"
In French 'tis "*Souvenir*."

WHEN grief hangs o'er thy lonely heart,
 When no kind friend stands by,
 Perchance, in looking o'er this book,
 These lines may catch your eye;
 Then think and read of her (him) who writes
 These simple lines to thee.
 And do not say you have no friend,
 For she (he) will think of thee.

Is there no tie that binds
 The feeling heart, the manly minds,
 Has love the only chain?
 Ah, no! there is a tie as strong,
 That binds as firm, and lasts as long,
 And "Friendship" is its name.

MAY happiness be always yours,
 And peace your steps attend;
 Accept this token of respect
 From one who is your friend.

Is aught so fair
 In all the dewy landscapes of the Spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
 In Nature's fairest form; is aught so fair
 As virtuous friendship?

THESE few lines to you are tendered
 By a friend sincere and true;
 Hoping but to be remembered
 When he's (she's) far away from you.

REMEMBER this, my friend, I pray,
As days and nights do pass away,
True friendship ever shall remain,
If we no more do meet again.

WHEN Spring bedecks the earth with flowers
May it bring fresh joys to thee ;
When the Summer birds are singing,
May thy sky all cloudless be ;
When sere Autumn's leaves are falling,
May no shadow cross thy path ;
When fierce Winter vents his fury,
Be thou free from all his wrath.
Through a life of endless gladness,
Keep one little thought for me ;
May our friendship ne'er be blasted,
Then will I contented be.

I FIND no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend.

How many sweet and varied flowers
Friendship's hand has scattered here,
Proof of Affection's greener hours,
Pledges to youth and memory dear.

May these cherished buds combining,
Twine a wreath of love for thee,
Where the gems of truth are shining
In their native purity.

And when upon this little treasure,
Thine eye in after years shall bend,
Wilt thou not recognize with pleasure,
This tribute of an humble friend ?

My harp, that tuneless long has lain
 To blank forgetfulness a prey,
 Once more renews its humble strain,
 Not for applause or smile to gain,
 But to its friends a tribute pay.

MAY all the blessings Heaven bestows
 On you, like evening dew descend,
 And when the streams of sorrow flow,
 To calm your grief and still your woe,
 O, may you never want a friend!

FRIENDSHIP'S pleasing power
 In these few lines you'll see,
 Often in a lonely hour
 Read them and think of me.

God feeds the ravens when they cry,
 Buries the sparrows when they die,
 Blesses the poor with sacred trust,
 Breathes life into the stolid dust;
 And He creates each friend, indeed,
 To serve us in our times of need;
 He scatters mercies like the light—
 Friends are His miracles of might

SOME friends have wished thee free from care,
 Others joy and wealth;
 Some have wished thee blessings rare,
 Long life and constant health;
 My wish for thee is better far
 Than all thy friends have given,
 That when thou leavest this world of care,
 Thy soul may rest in Heaven.

MAY the cords of love which bind us
To Friendship's pleasant chain,
Ever near and happy find us,
And ever just the same!

IF in this Album I should write my name.
Would you consent to let it there remain?
Among your friends forever let it rest,
And let our friendship live within your breast.
Hear what *true* Friendship says to every friend—
“Live happy while you live, and happiness extend.”
If by these lines perchance you think of me,
I am your friend, and always wish to be.

When memory o'er the past shall glance,
May nothing then offend;
May all that can life's charm enhance
Be thine—so hopes your friend.

LOVE, with all its fond caressings,
Friendship with its joys divine,
Health and its attendant blessings,
Now and evermore be thine.

OFF as thine eyes shall fondly trace
These simple lines I sketch for thee,
Whate'er the time, whate'er the place,
O, think of me!

Thy life, thy bliss, may Heaven defend,
But should'st thou, by its stern decree
E'er want a fond, a faithful friend,
O, think of me!

WE have been friends together,
 We have laughed at little jests,
 And the fount of hope is gushing
 Warm and joyous in our breasts.

WHEN our life in school
 Shall be at an end,
 Please at times give a thought
 To your loving friend.

MAY you, my friend, be ever blest,
 With friends selected from the best,
 And in return may you extend
 A gem of love to every friend.

FOR thee, my fair and gentle friend,
 I ask not wealth or fame,
 I only ask thy path may be
 Free from life's toil and pain.

O, MAY our friendship adamant prove
 One constant day of harmony and love,
 Not chilled by absence, nor subdued by strife,
 Inviolable tie in death and life.

MAY peace attend your future hours
 And love bestrew your path with flowers.
 And may you ever have a friend
 True as the one these lines have penned.

How sweet is life when passed with friends
Whom heaven to soothe our sorrow lends,
With chosen hearts our joys to share,
With kindred souls each burden bear—
“Rejoice in sweet communion still.”

Love is the rosebud of an hour ;
Friendship, the everlasting flower.

LIFE to us has lost some of its flowers,
But yet, though Time some foliage rends.
The stem, the Friendship still is ours,
And long may it endure, as green
And fresh as it hath always been,

WEEKS may pass and years may end,
Yet you will find in me a friend.

Humorous.

WHAT! write in your Album, for critics to spy,
For the learned to laugh at—No, not I!

MAY you through life remain the same,
Unchanged in all except your name.

I DIP my pen into the ink,
And grasp your Album tight,
But for my life I cannot think
One single word to write.

WHEN I, poor elf, shall have vanished in vapor,
May still my memory live—on paper.

FEE SIMPLE and a simple fee,
And all the fees in tail,
Are nothing when compared to thee—
The best of fees—fe-male.

A _____
for memory.

FOR ——— to solve, as I have given it up :
 La conquer mon de frace
 Soco monitat urbus busti.

—

WHEN on this page you chance to look,
 Think of me and close the book.

—

MAY you live in bliss, from sorrow away,
 Having plenty laid up for a rainy day ;
 And when you are ready to settle in life,
 May you find a good husband and make a good wife.

•

—

SAILING down the stream of life,
 In your little bark canoe,
 May you have a pleasant trip,
 With just room enough for two.

—

WHEN asked in an album to write,
 I feel quite inclined to refuse ;
 For what should I dare to indite
 That would a young lady amuse ?
 Not wit, for I have none of that,
 Nor romance, my fancy is tame ;
 And compliments sound so flat,
 I'm forced to write merely my name.

—

(To be read up and down.)

I	see,	I	thee ;	read	see	that	me
am	may	love	is	up	may	I'll	love
in	you	but	that	and	you	love	you'll
love	as	one	and	down	and	you	if

In the storms of life,
When you need an umbrella,
May you have to uphold it
A handsome young fellow.

—— is your name,
And single is your station,
Happy will be the man,
Who makes the alteration.

'Tis but a trifle that you ask,
But this you will admit,
That trifles, more than greater tasks,
Will sometimes strain our wit.
I wish thee health, and wealth, and joy,
As others have before ;
And were I in poetic mood
I'd surely wish thee more.

From me you want something original,
I'd write if I could with vim,
But there's nothing original in me
Excepting "original sin."

In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow ;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee
There is no living with thee nor without thee.

Here's a sigh for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate,
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for ev'ry fate.

SOME people can be very funny,
I never could be so ;
So I'll just inscribe my name,
It's the funniest thing I know.

WHAT'S in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
Though the rose would be sweet were it not called a rose ;
Though evil, called good, would our peace still oppose ;
Though gall would be bitter were honey its name ;
And a mouse, christened bear, were a mouse all the same :
Yet who has not felt the strong power of a word—
The magic that thrills us when some names are heard ?

SWEET is the girl who reads this line ;
I wish her sweetness were all mine.

Peruse these simple rhymes,
If ever you read any,
And think of me sometimes
Among the many !

REMEMBER me when far away,
If only half awake ;
Remember me on your wedding day,
And send me a piece of cake.

“AND when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind.” I hope this will not be the fate of your friend—

How can I write when neither rhyme nor reason give expression to my thoughts?

TRULY, I would the gods had made me poetical, that I
might here indite that which thou hast asked me.

WAX back here, just out of spite,
These two lines do I indite.

IN after years
When this you see,
I wonder what
Your name will be ?

MAY the lad you take for life,
Prove as faithful as his wife,
Whether his eyes be black or blue,
May they always smile on you.

I HAVE your album in which to write,
Have turned to a page all blank and white.
On dipping my pen into the ink
I knit my brows, and tried to think ;
I thought and thought, and thought in vain,
And then concluded to write my name.

A SPANIEL, a woman, and a walnut tree,
The more ye thrash 'em, the better they be

ALL honor to woman, the sweetheart, the wife,
The delight of our fireside, by night and by day,
Who never does anything wrong in her life,
Except when permitted to have her own way.

OF lordly man, how humbling is the type—
A fleeting shadow, a tobacco pipe;
His mind the fire, his frame the tube of clay.
His breath the smoke, so idly puffed away,
His food the herb that fills the hollow bowl—
Death is the stopper. Ashes end the whole.

HE is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.

MAN's love is like Scotch snuff—
You take a pinch and that's enough;
Profit by this sage advice,
When you fall in love, think twice.

[A BROOM.]

As sure as comes your wedding day
This present will I send;
In *sunshine* use the brushy part,
In *storm* the other end.

LONG may you live,
Happy may you be,
When you get married
Come and see me.

MAY you be happy,
Each day of your life,
Get a good husband
And make a good wife.

Brevities.

Does my old friend remember me ?

————— 'Tis not from vanity
But that I may remembered be—
That here I write my name.

MAY just enough clouds be yours
To make a glorious sunset.

As the ripple follows the wave on the sea,
So may God's blessing follow thee.

HERE's to your good health, your family's
Good health ; may you all live long and prosper.

Love may be the sweetest tie to be tied with,
But friendship is certainly the strongest.

LIFE is for labor, death for rest, and
Eternity for reward.

NATURE is full of poetry,
From the high mountain or the sheltered valley,
From the bleak promontory to the myrtle grove,
From the star-lit heavens to the slumbering earth.

LIVE that you may not fear to die.

DAILY plant the trees that shall bring forth flowers to strew
your sick bed and garland your grave.

LET your life be earnest.

THE secret of happiness is in always having something to
do, and in doing that something with zeal and cheerfulness.

WHEN thy pillow refuses repose,
Seek rest on the bosom of Jesus.

WORK for some good, be it ever so slowly,
Cherish some flower, be it every so lowly,
Labor—all labor is noble and holy.

OUR lives in acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but do to others give
Matters for virtuous deeds, by which we live.

That the choicest of Heaven's blessings may ever rest upon you, is the sincere wish of your friend ———.

A line is enough for memory.

THAT all the kind wishes of your friends, as expressed in these pages, may be realized.

It is better to be wise, and not seem so
Than to seem wise, and not be so.

THE joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence—
Else who could bear it.

MAY Truth guide, Mercy forgive to the end, and Love accompany you always.

MAY your life be like the summer in its fullness—nothing left to be desired.

I NEVER loved you less, because I loved others more.

MAY friendship bind us with its golden chain and take the clasp to Heaven.

DEWS of the night are diamonds of the morn, so the tears
we weep here may be pearls in Heaven.

THE heart may be broken, yet, broken, still live on.

MY mind lingers upon happy spoken words and garnered
little memories.

REAL glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.

Never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you.

LOVE me little, love me long.

KIND hearts are more than coronets.

MANY daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest
them all.

MAY all the names recorded here
In the Lamb's Book of Life appear.

MAY thy years be many and thy sorrows few.

BE content with the lot God has marked out for you. Love, honor and obey Him in all things, and your last days will be peaceful and happy.

MAY the morn of thy life be bright and joyous, the noon-tide peaceful and happy, and the sunset gloriously hopeful, is the wish of your friend.

WE are safer in the storm that God sends us than in a calm when befriended by the world.

EVERY path that leads to Heaven is trodden by willing feet — none were ever driven to paradise.

THERE is no real life but cheerful life.

HE who does good to another, does also good to himself ; not only in the act, but in the consciousness of well-doing is his reward.

ADVERSITY makes a man wise, not rich.

THE happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.

MAY your love prove true to Him who made you, and your life one garden of flowers,

THE only way for a man to escape being found out, is to pass for what he is. The only way to maintain a good character is to deserve it. It is easier to correct our faults than to conceal them.

LIFE is a leaf of paper, white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.

BE thy life a woodland stream,
Though darkened by the shadows of adversity,
Yet reflecting an image of Heaven.

THE truest happiness is found in making others happy.

WITH best wishes for your future welfare.

DEFER not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.

ATTEMPT the end and never stand to doubt ;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

—Herrick.

MAY success and happiness attend you.

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For Birthdays,
For Wooden, Tin, Crystal, Silver
and Golden Weddings,

For Album Dedications,
For Philopena Forfeits
For Congratulation,
For Valentines in General, and
all Trades and Professions.

ALSO,

A COLLECTION OF TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN

LADIES' CHRISTIAN NAMES,

WITH THEIR DERIVATION AND MEANING ;

AND

AN ORIGINAL ACROSTIC WITH EACH NAME.

THE TORONTO NEWS COMPANY,
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